

"COXEY"

J. A. FOOTE, IN ARCHBOLD CITIZEN.

MANY PEOPLE in Coalville will remember the time when "Coxey" reached the town. It was soon after the army of vagrants made its famous march to Washington. This incident was still fresh in the minds of the local philosophers who sat on the dry goods boxes at the company store, and so, when one afternoon a strange-looking character passed down Chelson street, and some one asked: "What will we call him?" the unanimous answer was: "Coxey."

Indeed the name did not seem unsuited to the old wanderer who passed by with a gait that suggested familiarity with much foot-travel. He was a middle-aged man, thin and angular in all his outlines, with an elf-like face, and wonderful bushy whiskers. His long moustache, waxed with more profuseness than neatness, was only surpassed by the matted bunch of hair on his chin that he pulled in a point drawn so sharply that it looked as if it ought on occasion to be used as an awl. A dust-covered linen suit and an old, white cone-shaped hat added to the bizarre appearance of the vagrant, and carrying a hump under his arm at a "reverse angle" position, he strutted along like a soldier on duty.

It was not long before "Coxey" was looked upon as one of the characters of the town. Where he slept at night nobody knew—some said he did not sleep at all; but after awhile it became generally known that he, among other things, was a painter. This was corroborated the following week by his appearance, brush in hand, on the steeple of the Methodist church, where he performed feats in climbing that seemed to the small boys who watched him nothing short of marvelous.

One of the "philosophers" approached him one day and said: "Looks as if you might be doing a sailor some time or another from the way you climb."

"Well," said "Coxey," "maybe I was and again maybe I wasn't. When lowering his husky voice, he hissed mysteriously: "Maybe I was a pirate. Maybe I was the terror up the China Sea." And then Coxey laughed his funny, crackling, laugh when he heard that Jim Marshall said he was a reformed pirate.

But drunken and eccentric as he was, there was a gentle side to Coxey's nature. The children did not fear him for all his strange appearance and they followed him in crowds. It was no unusual sight to see him on

land was plying "Coxey" with all kinds of questions. Suddenly a deafening crash rent the air, and then an ominous rumble followed. The noise came from the region of the mouth of the mine, and the entire party was much frightened. The chaparrone prepared to go into hysterics, and Miss Holland clung to her companion's arm and uttered a faint scream.

Will Halburton turned a shade paler, but he sought to reassure the ladies that nothing was amiss. "I guess they're taking down some pillars or top coal," he said; but even while he was speaking the horrible din increased in a frightful crescendo until, with the final crash came a blast of air, filled with coal and other missiles, that threw them to the ground.

There was comparative silence, varied only by an occasional crashing sound that was even more trying than the louder crash.

The ladies were praying and sobbing aloud, and Will Halburton was staunching the blood from a wound in his head that one of the flying missiles had made. It was "Coxey" who collected his wits the first, and felt his lamp.

"Game's up and rock's down," he chirped. "Might as well admit it; we're in a bad fix. Never felt much like praying, but I don't feel like it now."

"What's to be done?" asked Will.

"Find out what's wrong first," said Coxey. "The fun seems all toward the mouth, so I reckon we can't get out that way. But, if you'll excuse me, ladies, I'll go and see. Nothin' short of such an emergency could tear me away. And if you don't mind, I'll sing a little song on the way."

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground, Digger's dusky diamonds all the year around.

He started away, singing as cheerily as if danger was unknown to him, but Will shouted after him:

"Hold on, Coxey! Don't go out there! Why, you're walking right into danger! The roof has not caved, but the bottom falling into the old mine has pulled our roof with it. It's working towards us even now. It's folly to venture toward the mouth; we'll be safe here for awhile."

"And then?" said Miss Holland.

"And then," he answered, "may God have mercy on our souls! Saying this, he drew the girl toward him and kissed her on the cheek.

"Beloved," he whispered, "with death so near to both of us, I cannot forbear to tell you of my love for you. There is a chance that one of us may escape and God permitting, the other shall be you. Know then that I did—"

"No, no," she sobbed; "I cannot bear to hear you talk this way. With you beside me, death will not seem so hard. And I will face it gladly in return for what you have told me."

"Children," said Coxey, "I must go; it's got to be did, and I haven't got no one to cry after me like you. So goodbye!"

He started off, and they could hear his cheery voice singing: "Oh, there's nothing like so sweet in life as love's young dream," as he passed into the darkness.

In a little while he came back, smiling from ear to ear. Making a ceremonious bow in front of the chaparrone, who was just recovering from another fainting spell, he said:

"Madam, if you will condescend to take my humble arm I will have the honor of leading this august assemblage to a haven of safety. Forward march!"

"Where is it?" asked Will, as they started.

"Just a little ways from here. You remember the air-hole?"

"True," said Will. "There's a chance there. Hurry up."

They ran along the damp cavern until they saw, in the distance, a faint gleam of light. It came from a hole, with steep smooth sides, that ventilated the mine.

"Opening outside is right near the carpenter shop, you know," said "Coxey." "Bein' somewhat of a climber I'll crawl up and get some ropes and help. I'll come back in a few minutes. Sorry to lose the pleasure of your company. Adieu!"

In a few moments he was half way up the shaft and then a little later he crawled safely out on top. Five minutes passed, and then, to the strained ears of the party underneath, came the shouts of the rescuers. Next a rope was lowered and "Coxey" climbed down hand over hand.

"Got to tie the sailor knots for ye," he said. "The ladies first—the ladies. God bless 'em!"

Miss Holland was hauled up and then the chaparrone. Next "Coxey" proceeded to fasten the ropes around Will.

"No," said the young man; "you go first."

"No back talk 'on board ship," said "Coxey." "Cap'n must be obeyed. So here goes."

He fastened the rope around the young man and the men on top began to pull. When Will was half way up a terrific crash was heard, and the rescuers paused for an instant to learn if "Coxey" was still safe.

"Can't lose me," came the cry from beneath. And then as they hauled Will to the surface, they heard the familiar cracked voice singing:

"Just tell them that you saw me. And then they'll know the rest. Just tell them that I'm lookin' well ye know—"

"Lower away again—quick," shouted the foreman of the rescuing party. "It's falling all around the air-shaft. Hurry up!"

But before they could obey, another terrific crash came from the earth beneath them and "Coxey's" voice was heard singing faintly:

"Just tell them that you saw me—"

And then his song was drowned in the noise of the crashing walls of coal.

After a while a man was lowered and found that the foot of the air-shaft was blocked with a mass of rock. Somewhere, far beneath, lay "Coxey," a man worthless, perhaps, but withal so brave that he could die for the sake of others with a song upon his lips.

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The Scientific Explanation of the Change Formerly Attributed to the Fairies.

In folk lore stories there is frequent mention of changelings—children who were changed by fairy influence. Some loving wife and proud husband found their child weak of body, and sometimes weak of mind. It grew up to be fretful, sullen and perhaps spiteful. It seemed impossible that love could bring such a child into the world. So the child was called a fairy changeling, a child substituted by the fairies for one whom in their envy for its loveliness they had carried away.

We hear no more of fairy stories. Stern science says that healthy and lovely children must have healthy parents, and that when the mother in her days of waiting and anticipation is

down. Had several hard cramping spells, and was not able to do any work at all. I received your answer in a few days, telling me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took three bottles, and before I had taken it a week I was better, and before I had taken it a month I was able to help do my work. On the 27th of May my baby came, and I was only sick three hours, and had an easy time. The doctor said I got along nicely.

"We praise Dr. Pierce's medicine for it has cured me. I am better now than I have been for thirteen years. I hope all how are afflicted will do as I have done and be cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a perfect medicine for women. It establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and cures female weakness. It is the best preparative for maternity, strengthening the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength to give her child and make the baby's advent practically painless.

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"During my two years of married life I have not had good health," writes Mrs. Daisy Studdard, of 608 So. Esplanade Ave., Leavenworth, Kans. "I was all run-down, and my husband got me to write to Dr. Pierce and explain my case to him; and see if he could do me any good. So I wrote, and I thank the Lord, I got an early reply, telling me what the trouble was. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and now can say that I feel like a new woman, and can say also that we have a big baby four months old. When the baby came it was just wonderful how I got along and now I do all my work and do not feel tired out like I used to. I have taken eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription.' It makes one feel well and strong."

Women who are troubled with chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All letters are privately and confidentially answered, and womanly confidences are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed in personal consultations. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

When a dealer tempted by the little more profit paid by less meritorious preparations offers a substitute as "just as good" as "Favorite Prescription" remember that "just as good" for him means his profit and your loss.

A WOMAN IS AT HER WITS' END sometimes to find a cure for familiar ills. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is full of helpful hints and information for women.

"I got the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser for 31 one-cent stamps," writes M. M. Wardwell, Esq., of Linwood, Leavenworth Co., Kans. "Wouldn't take five dollars for it if we couldn't get it. Gave receipt for 'nursing sore mouth' to two women that the doctor was not able to benefit, and they were cured."

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nervous, anxious, sleepless and generally miserable, her child will be weak and fretful.

How reasonable this is. The child can have no strength which the mother does not give it, and how can the weak mother, who has not enough strength for herself have anything to spare for her babe?

THE FAIRY GOD-MOTHER is a very pretty fiction. But the real fairy god-mother is the natural mother of the child. It is she who must endow her child with health from which springs all other endowments desirable for humanity.

The way to have healthy children is to be healthy. But how to be healthy is the vexing question for women. Is the mother to blame because she is nervous, because her appetite fails and her strength wanes, because she is sleepless and despondent? One cannot blame the woman whose only failing is that she does not know how to change her condition. Yet a woman's health is practically in her own control. If she is weak she can be made strong. If she is sick she can be made well. The experience of other women shows that the rose of motherhood can be stripped of its thorns by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"When I wrote to you in March, asking advice as to what to do for myself," says Mrs. Ella Reynolds, of Guilford, MeLean Co., Ky. "I was expecting the baby's coming in June, and was sick all of the time. Had been sick for several months. Could not get anything to stay on my stomach, not even water. Had miscarriage twice in six months, and threatened all the time now. Had female weakness for several years. My hips, back and lower bowels hurt me all the time. Had numbness from my hips



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shall not excel." And not," continued Mr. Hoar, "whenever I see that text I think of Mr. Higginson, and whenever I see Mr. Higginson I think of the text."

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